THE ARYAN IDEAL

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THE ARYAN IDEAL

By Prof. T. L. VASWANI

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MY MOTHERLAND SERIES.

In this Series the author, T. L. Vaswani, will interpret aspects of the Spirit of India as reflected in her culture and civilization and in the lives of the saints and sages and heroes of her history.

The first volume is named "The Aryan Ideal." The 'Aryan' includes the 'Hindu' and 'Buddhist'. Some of the volumes to follow will include Essays indicating the values of Islam. Islam, the author says, introduced an element of 'romance' in our culture. This, he thinks, is specially true with regard to the culture of his nativeland—the Sindhi culture—which owes much to Islam and is, essentially, of a 'romantic' type. The author believes that without the deeper values to which Islam is a witness, the scheme of our evolution would be incomplete.

Back of the Series is the aspiration that in the present period of our struggle for freedom, India's young men may be helped, in howsoever humble a measure, to recover *lost memory* of India and the Indian ideal. What is wrong with us in India? Loss of memory. We have forgotten ourselves. The author believes that in the day we remember ourselves,—remember the *real self* of India—we shall have the strength to win Freedom's Battle. Further volumes will be issued from time to time.

CONTENTS

	Page.
My Dream-Land	1
Introduction	3
The heart of her culture	17
An Ancient University	28
The Aryan Type	46
Is Democracy a Western Invention? ...	54
Upanishads and the Modern Man ...	71
The Rock of Sacrifice	84

THE ARYAN IDEAL

MY DREAM-LAND

I stood in a crowded street
Playing upon my Harp;
I saw the proud and strong pass by;
They looked at me and laughed!
"A Fool," said one. "A Rebel,"—another said;
A third:—"A Singer of an idle song."

A Fool I fain would be—
A Fool in Krishna and Christ;
A 'Rebel' I strive to be
A 'Rebel' who would love
India in Humanity;
A Singer, too, of a little song.

Who set it in my heart?
I only know I love to sing it,
To several tunes.
I only know it utters the Dream
Enshrined, through all these anguished years,
In a broken heart.

And so I go from time to time
And stand in a crowded street
And play upon my harp and sing my song
Not to the proud and strong,
Not to traffickers in titles and fame
But to the eager youth whom I have loved.

And I sing to them of a Dream-Land
Where glory crowns the lowly and the meek,
Where freedom lives without fear or vice,
Where love is not lured by pleasure or gold,
Where faith hath no need of rites or priests,
Where the Gods give worship to the Flame of Sacrifice.

INTRODUCTION

Freedom does not grow in passion's soil. Freedom grows out of knowledge. India's children must *know* themselves,—must have a *memory* of what India has thought and felt and endeavoured to achieve at certain periods in her history. In a profound sense, as Plato and Indian sages have taught, Knowledge is Memory. If "*My Motherland Series*" of which this volume is the first can awaken in the Nation's youth some memory of Indian Ideals, I shall not have written in vain. Indian literature, philosophies and religions reflect these Ideals. But national culture is stifled in the Government-dominated schools and colleges in India. The officialised universities do little to develop the culture-consciousness of India. I have heard several young men tell me:— But these stories and songs and thought-

systems of the past,—are not, many of them, myths of a dream-land? Many of the striking incidents, in the lives of the great Heroes of our History are regarded, I know, by not a few of those who would follow "critical," "historical" methods as fictitious. I would ask young men to remember that the truth of "poetry" or "imagination" has a value as great as, if not greater than, the truth of "facts." What some critics would reject as "dream-land" has been a part of the life of the great millions of India. The "Dream-land" enshrines India's witness through the Ages. It must not be forgotten that India's Culture as reflected in Indian literature and art and religion is a reflection of India's life and civilization. I believe in the value of Indian Ideals for the modern world. There is a muddle somewhere in our 'modern' life,—something wrong with our civilization. 'Light, more light!' said Goethe on his death-bed; and each expiring generation has cried the pathetic cry:—'light, more light!' The continuous accumulation of materials in

modern science, philosophy and sociology has but disclosed the fact that great problems of thought, conduct and life remain unsolved; and I am one of those who believe that the 'light, more light,' the larger light we need, will travel again from the ancient pathways of the East. Indian Ideals can do much to help the modern world. I believe, also, in their value for us in the present Struggle for Freedom. I believe neither in the politics of 'petition' nor the politics of passion. No nation may expect to receive anything by standing as a beggar at the doors of another; and freedom is not for those who ask for favours. India must gather her *inner strength* to achieve Freedom. So taught her ancient Sages; and their word I fain would pass on to the young. Not in the clamour and shouts of crowds, not in passion and strife, not in the fear and flattery of men who know not their deeper selves may appear She whom we worship as the Goddess of Freedom. Silent and radiant She shines in the hearts and minds of those who are strong in the power to suffer and to love.

We talk of *Bhârata.* That sacred word has many meanings in the old books. One of them I may refer to here. *Bhârata* is a name given to Saraswati; Saraswati is the Goddess of Knowledge. And Knowledge is Freedom. For with knowledge comes self-reliance. If young men would but *know* India,—her genius, her culture, her ideals! It were well for us of India to remember, in the Struggle of to-day, something of our Past and appreciate the values of Aryan Civilization. In our hunger for *swaraj*, our longing for Freedom is the very Soul of India. I plead in these pages for a right understanding of the spirit of Indian Culture and the Soul of Indian Civilization.

It is painfully true that the current system of education has not helped us to recognise and appreciate Indian culture. Several of those who study in Government-controlled schools and colleges think of the 'jobs' they might have in Government departments rather than of the values of nation-service. Industrial culture of the West interests many, as well it may. But

how many are interested, also, in Indian culture or realise how much it may enrich the thought and life of the world? And Indian culture related itself to a refined type of civilization. In one of his books, the Irish poet W. B. Yeats develops a theory of life in terms of 'self' and 'anti-self.' It may not be untrue to facts, I think, to speak of 'self' and 'other-self;' and these should, in the life of individuals and nations, be interlinked with each other. India's Self is 'Culture' realised in and through religion, morality, art, literature: her 'other-self' is 'Civilization' realised in and through politics, science, agriculture, industry. India was great in the long ago when she realised the unity of these two— Culture and Civilization; India fell in the day when many of her men of culture developed a theory of 'asceticism,' and separating themselves from life stood outside the Movement of Civilization, leaving the country to its sad fate. How to secure an effective union of Culture and Civilization is, to my mind, the real problem of the Indian nationalist. A note common to

Indian Culture and Indian Civilization, as I understand them, is *fellowship with Humanity*. In the days of her greatness,—and even in the later period of her decline,—India did not fail to bear witness to a spiritual synthesis of life, a fellowship with man, a yearning for the Universal. Her Literature from the Vedic age to that of Rabindranath Tagore has sung in rapturous strains of the "One whom the sages call by many names,"—the One who binds races and religions into one Brotherhood.

The idea of Fellowship with Man should be of value to the Swaraj Movement and to Modern Civilization. An esteemed Muslim friend asked me sometime ago :—"October 1st is gone. We have not had *swaraj*. What programme next?" He spoke with anxiety about the future. "I am afraid," he said, "reaction may set in; the people may become inactive." My fear is *pessimism*. And pessimism is of two kinds :—*indifference* and *violence*,—both due to the mood: —*What good?* The two forms of pessimism,—passive and active,—appeared when the early national movement of 1908 was

'defeated.' Many felt tired of 'agitation;' the task, they said, was hopeless; they fell into an 'indifferent,' passive mood. Several young men, however, fell into a different mood; they became 'anarchists;' they were for violence. I believe the country will not, this time, fall back into a *passive* mood. After a country has waked up, it does not easily go to sleep again. After national consciousness attains to a point of intensity, it does not relapse easily to passivity. The earlier national movement was smaller in extent than the Movement of to-day; that was largely a movement of Bengal; this one is of India; that was largely a Hindu Movement; this one is a Hindu-Muslim Movement; and the masses, to-day, have awakened in a much greater measure than they did a decade ago. I believe the new national consciousness will not relapse to passivity. But it *may* become *aggressive*, *violent*. Violence is *active pessimism*; and it will be a strangling of India's soul if a cult of hate and violence become popular.

I am afraid the cult *is* becoming popular

with several young men. Hate-vibrations *are* multiplying. At several meetings which I have attended I have felt there is more of passion than patriotism. I know of young men who say we must have a hate-campaign against the English. They quote Lenin. They forget one infinitely greater than Lenin,—the Buddha—who gave the message of *ahimsa* to the East. Some talk of the "doctrine of the least violence." They forget that such a doctrine easily becomes what Trotsky calls, in his recent book, a "defence of terrorism." Some quote Mahomed. They forget that the Prophet who had such a tender heart that he cut off the hem of his garment rather than disturb the cat sleeping on it could not be a preacher of hate. Some refer to Ireland and other nations of Europe. They forget India is not to be an imitation of a Western country. India must be *herself*. And her philosophy, her whole theory of life,—as I understand it, is repugnant to the cult of hate. In 1907 appeared a 'cult of bomb;' some Nationalists, tried to loot Government treasury and some rich

Indians with a view to finance 'nationalist' organisations! It was a colossal blunder; it was a crime against the Indian Ideal and the spirit of Humanity. It seems to me pessimism is setting in today. With disappointment the counsels of violence may assert themselves again. It is time, therefore, that a new emphasis be put upon the Indian Ideal. It is time to re-affirm the ancient truth that the freedom worth having is what we win by strength of the *spirit,* not by power of the *sword.* For we seek *swaraj* not for national aggrandisement but for the service of Humanity. Abuse, racial hate, violence, riots will not hasten but, in my opinion, retard the coming of *swaraj.* Real Swaraj will be won by self-knowledge, self-purification and self-sacrifice.

In these pages, then, I plead for freedom through fellowship with Humanity. Hate, a German General said, was man's original sin. I believe it has not been India's original sin. India has believed from the beginning of her days in the Ideal Spiritual. And can't we, I have often asked

myself, uproot this 'original sin' by the Ideal which India has adored as the Eternal force of evolution? In an Italian play, we read of a 'crazy carpenter.' He has made a "Boat of Death!" It is a row boat; it carries men out into the midstream; it drowns them quite successfully! Such a "Boat of Death," I am convinced, is the imperialism or the nation-cult which lacks love for Humanity. It develops an 'efficiency' successful only in carrying a nation out into the midstream and drowning its higher life. Will India, too, construct a 'Boat of Death' for herself? Or will she to her own Self prove true and solve the problem of Freedom for herself, and the world? Freedom in the West has been confounded with Greatness. True freedom is the *way of service.* To that nation belongs freedom which serves Civilization, serves Humanity. Power and friction, power and violence go together. It is not a *policy of power* but the *way of service* which I have in view when I think of Indian *swaraj.* India is in bondage to-day; therefore is she unable to serve Humanity.

The world's future, I profoundly believe, will be safeguarded by spiritual idealism. The world's future, therefore, demands India's freedom. Change the motive of *power* into one of *service*, and you will solve the problem of Freedom. Leninism has not solved it; it believes in the supremacy of physical force. The League of Nations is not solving it; it is a capitalist 'internationalism' not a true "internationalism,"—a League of Exploiters, not a Family of the Nations. The problem may be solved by the spirit of India, if but the world would understand it.

I write this on the day the news is received of the arrest of the great-souled Gandhi. The arrest will not, I feel sure, arrest the National Movement. Not the whole 'Empire' can grapple with God's great Purpose. What is to be will be. And 'tis my faith that India will be Free. Yet I know at this hour political pessimism is setting in. And political pessimism is, oftener than now, the parent of violence. The noblest ideal uttered by India's Teachers is the ideal of non-

violence. All Humanity,—ye all sentient life—is sacred. A political application of this great spiritual principle is necessarily *limited.* But even in its limited scope the duty imposed upon us is clear. A violence-school, if it becomes popular will, I believe, put back the clock of our progress,—will plunge the country into chaos and may start a revolution redder than any revolution recorded in history. I know feelings at this hour are running high. Therefore I plead with Young Men to turn from thoughts of hate and strife to the great message of India. Therefore I ask them in all humility to recover a memory of their race-ideals and refuse to part with the rich spiritual heritage of the India of the Aryan Age. I read, some years ago, a suggestive little story of a young French soldier who fought against the Germans in the world-war. His parents asked him not to fight for France; he, they said, was their only son and would surely die on the battle-field. The young man was dauntless; he went forth to fight for France; he was wounded: he was taken to the hospital;

asked why he fought for France he spoke with his dying breath the beautiful words :—" France? She is singing to me." To young men agitated to-day, I fain would say:—Children of the Mother: India is singing to you. Floating down the stream of centuries, the Song of her Sages and Heroes may yet be heard. She is singing still. Will you take up the Song? Will you publish it to the World? The Ancient Wisdom may yet be the healing of the Nations.

KARACHI,
March, 1922.

T. L. V.

THE HEART OF HER CULTURE

The Swaraj Movement, as I understand it, is not merely *political*. It is also *economic* and *cultural*. Indeed, we want India to be free in order that she may use her political agencies for the promotion of her *economic* and *cultural* life. And the great Leaders of the Movement such as Lokamanya Tilak, Mahatma Gandhi and Sri Arabindo Ghose have, in their personal lives and their national programmes, shown the importance of *swadeshi* and national culture. I believe profoundly in the value of Indian culture and Indian civilization not alone for the Swaraj Movement but also for the life of humanity. And the hope in my heart has struggled, again and again, with two of the tragic things in the Indian situation,—poverty of the peasant and Young India's ignorance of national

culture. Imperialism holds in its grip this great country. And our schools and colleges either ignore or give a distorted view of Indian culture and Indian civilization.

Swaraj means, in a profound sense, *reconstruction of minds.* I look up to the young men of to-day as the builders of swaraj. And what builds is not passion, not ignorance, but the power of thought, a vision of the Ideal. "Out of thought," as an Upanishad says, "is born the universe." And the young must learn to understand and appreciate the values of Indian thought, Indian culture, Indian civilization if they would evolve an Indian Swaraj. They must find India in their minds and hearts if they would vindicate her claims before the world. There can be little understanding of the Swaraj we should evolve without an understanding of our *national personality* and, therefore, of our national culture. Our history, our literature, our music and art, our philosophy, our social and religious ideals,—these, to my mind, are among the elements of

our national culture. They have a value for India's children. They have a value, also, for the world.

Not many even in India seem to realise the value of Indian Ideals for Civilization and Humanity. A good many in the West still indulge in the comfortable illusion that Indians are not 'civilized' enough! Very few even among thinkers of European reputation understand that Indian Culture has a value as great as, if not greater than the Mediterranean Culture, and that it is essential to Humanity for the building up of a New Civilization. Western *kultur* in the form we find it in the East is essentially related to the idea of carrying 'civilization' with force,—of imposing a type of thought and life on other nations. This is what Western thinkers understand by 'efficiency.' This is what makes Western civilization aggressive. This is the ideal of European imperialisms. Can this *kultur* which spends the resources of matter and mind to develop the forces of destruction or of an organisation which only becomes a barrier to the Soul of Man,

—can this *kultur* appeal to Humanity or help Civilization ?

The Culture of India, as I understand it, is inspired by a vision Human, a Vision Universal,—a vision of the One *Âtman* in all. So we read in the Upanishad:—"Even as a grain of rice or the smallest granule of millet, so is the golden Purusha in my heart. Even as a smokeless light, It is greater than the sky, greater than all existing things. That Self of the spirit is my Self. On passing away from hence I shall obtain that Self. And verily whosoever has this Faith,—for him there is no uncertainty." This Culture was human in its outlook; and it was essentially related to the building up of race-life. How foolish the current notion that Indians merely dreamt and philosophised! They *did* dream; and are men better than brutes if they will not dream the dream of the Good, the True the Beautiful? They *did* philosophise; and what intelligent man but must have a philosophy, a view-point, an attitude, a way of looking at the world? Your attitude to the universe determines

your conduct, your life. Our Indian ancestors dreamt, but were not *mere* dreamers. They philosophised, but were not *mere* philosophers. They had a rich, human outlook upon life; and the Arya-dharma was not a dead religion, a 'creed'; it was a socio-economic synthesis. India built a Constructive Civilization. India related culture to the problems of social and national life. The one injunction laid by the Guru upon his disciples entering into life was:—"See that the thread of your race is not broken." *The Thread of the Race*,—there you have an idea of one aspect of the Guru's teaching,—one aspect of Aryan Culture.

The Thread of the Race must not be broken: Hence the necessity of keeping the body healthy and strong. The physical is a part of the moral, the mental, the spiritual. The body belongs to your self. And one great principle of national life is to check physical degeneration and prevent sins against the body. The old Indian aspiration was not simply for things of the spirit but also for those of the body. It

was an aspiration for the well-being of the nation. Listen to this beautiful prayer of the *Rig Veda*:—"Harm us not Rudra, in our seed and progeny! Harm us not in the living!" Here is another from the same Scripture:—"May we see for a hundred years, live for a hundred years; hear speak, be rich,—yea more than hundred years!" Not a selfish prayer this. For it is not an individual, it is 'we,' the Community, the Race, the Soul of the Nation that asks for 'riches,' for unimpaired physical faculties, for the well-being of the People. So in another Scripture of India, we read:—"Give me faith, memory, wisdom, learning,—but also prosperity, strength, long life, vigour, health." There you have the prayer of men who related culture to national life.

They understood that home-life must be healthy if the race-life was to be rich and strong. So in the Books emphasis is put on home-life. To-day in the West the hotel is displacing the home. But still in India the great masses feel something of the sanctity of home. There can be, I

think, no greater calamity for a civilization than when its homes are broken up or become loveless. Indian lawgivers recognised the place of woman in the programme of life. And if home-life is to become again the strength of our Civilization it is necessary for us to have a new reverence for woman. The idea must grow that her emotions, her intuitions, her mysticism of sympathy will nourish the moral, social and political life of the Age. The Aryan woman has been the great guardian of the Aryan Ideal; and we need at this hour her help and inspiration in the remoulding of our national life. Was it without reason that marriage in India was regarded a sacrament? India worshipped Woman the Mother. And our national *mantra*, *Bande Mataram* reflects the spirit of reverence for Woman the Mother. The greatest literary genius of Russia to-day is, to my mind, Maxim Gorky. And he was found travelling in the United States with a woman not his legal wife; Roosvelt referring to this wrote: "Gorky seems to represent with

nice exactness the general continental European revolutionary attitude which in Governmental matters is a revolt against ordinary decencies and moralities even more than against conventional hypocrisies and cruelties." Gorky's conduct may represent the general "European revolutionary attitude." But who would associate such a conduct with the attitude of India's men of Culture? Conduct, *neeti* as they called it in ancient India, was interpreted as subordination of the individual to a World-Will. Freedom was interpreted in terms of the Spiritual, the *Âtman.* Moral values of life were regarded as the shaping power of social, economic and political life. Progress was not confounded with 'efficiency'; and *dharma* restrained the will-to-power and the will-to-pleasure.

This *dharma*, as Hindu and Buddhist Books tell us again and again, was interpreted to mean the Eternal Law above the State. Faith in such a Law gave many in the past the strength to suffer for truth and righteousness. Indian history from

the age of Arjuna down to that of the Sikh Gurus and the Liberators of Maharashtra is a record rich in examples of *spiritual heroism.* Faith in the Great Law, also, made the Indian reverent of Humanity. Indian scholars were not ashamed to learn astronomy at the feet of the Greeks. Indian monks with a longing to help other nations passed over high mountains and great plains and storm-swept rivers to carry to Japan and China the message of the Buddha and the Sages. The Indian had room in his heart for Humanity. India's heroes saw the Imperishable in the heart of toil and struggle. India's Teachers and Poets sang not songs of war and hate and strife but the Great Word :—

"The Eternal is one
He hath no caste."

India's gift to the Nations is not big machines, not the paraphernalia of comfort-civilization but this Vision of the One-in-all, the Vision that makes us sons of the Spirit. The proud imperialisms which with shouts of 'efficiency' and race-superiority sit heavily upon the life of the

East are blind to the vision and the dream of India. Nor do they remember that he whose name is worshipped by the West,—Jesus of Nazareth,—was an Oriental and a Brother of the Peoples despised by the 'Christian' West. The terrible tragedy of Europe to-day lies in its lack of a vision of Humanity. In song and story the Message speaks to India's children:—There is but One; and in His heart is no hate. I have heard peasants and common servants sing songs charged with this spiritual culture. India never developed imperialistic ambitions. Our national traditions never encouraged a cult of pride and power. And if, to-day, we let hate and passion dominate our national life we shall not, I humbly submit, prove ourselves worthy of our great past. Nor shall we, let me add, be able to achieve much. In the creative processes of Evolution or Revolution hate has no place. What binds and builds is the vision Human, the Vision Universal.

To this vision India has borne witness through the ages. This Vision *is* India. Therefore though India to-day is poor and

seems so weak, India's earth is to me a *punya bhumi.* Therefore I hold it a high privilege to have been born in this ancient Land. In an ancient Book we read that Buddha said if he should be born again for the service of the world and asked to choose the place of his re-birth, he should once again choose India. India lies humiliated; yet I worship Her. India lies wounded; yet I believe in Her. And so when many at this hour, with the best of motives, ask us to carry into our Struggle for Freedom the methods of hate and violence familiar to the Western nations, I say to India's youth:—Still must we trust the Mother. Europe lies bleeding to-day for its faith in force. *Our* victory is in bearing witness to India's vision.

AN ANCIENT UNIVERSITY

India has, for some time, been the battleground of Indian and Western world-views; and I have known critics, ignorant of Indian culture and of the deeper values of the culture of the West, scoffing at the Ideals of the True, the Good and the Beautiful as 'abstractions' and putting the heel of pride upon the Culture of the East. A Great awakening has not yet come; but it *will* come; and first it will steal into the hearts of Young Men. It is necessary, therefore, that the younger generation should grow in an atmosphere of robust idealism, should appreciate the values of India's Past, and understand the meaning of modern forces.

Let me consider with Young India the significance of a great Educational Experiment begun about the first century before Christ; I refer to the Nalanda Univer-

sity founded by Sakraditya and described as it was 700 years later in the Chinese records of the eminent Pilgrim-Scholar, Hiuen-Tsang. At this hour in India's history, when our thoughts are focussed on the problem of national re-construction, we need to know that the current system of education, its organisation and machinery notwithstanding, needs a thorough overhauling; and I believe profoundly that the spirit and ideals of ancient Aryan Culture are needed to-day for the building up of our national life.

I have not the least desire to be unfair to the existing system of education in this country; but of educational systems, as of governments and creeds, what the Master says is true: By their fruits ye shall know them. Judge, then, of the current system by its fruits; it has given us clerks and school masters, professors and mukhtiarkers, medical practitioners and pleaders, a few deputy collectors and judges; how many of them have thrived without flattery, without compromising the God-given sense of self-respect and freedom? How

many have made contributions to thought, literature, art, science, industry, organisation? Has the current system quickened our moral consciousness? Has it solved our bread-problem? Has it made students physically efficient or has it made them physically unfit? Has it taught us more, or taught less of the history and geography of our own provinces and of India than of England and Scotland and Wales? Has it beautified or contorted social life? The Director of Public Instruction in Bengal spoke, some time ago, of 'the high schools with their underpaid and discontented teachers, their crowded and dark and ill-ventilated class-rooms and their soul-destroying process of unceasing cram;' and the description is true of the majority of schools in the country.

How refreshing to turn from this description of Indian schools to the account of what Hiuen-Tsang saw at the Nalanda University! An eminent scholar,—this Chinese Pilgrim; Tradition traced his descent from a Chinese Emperor; He translated as many as 74 volumes of the Indian books

and showed conspicuous courage and self-control in his travels, specially on that memorable occasion when the river pirates of the Ganges pursued him and a storm arose to save him. "For how many years have you been on the journey?" was the question put him by the President of the Nalanda University. "Three years," was the answer of Hiuen-Tsang; and these three years this Scholar had moved from place to place in quest of that Knowledge which he was told would tell him of the Laws of Life,—the *Dharma*: 'I am come,' he said to the President, 'I am come from the country of China desiring to learn the principles of the Yoga-Sastra.'

And *yoga*, synthesis, unity was, doubtless, a prominent feature of Indian culture. The Nalanda University was in itself a synthesis, a self-sustained whole, a centre of the community's life in its various aspects,—*economic*, *intellectual*, *spiritual*. The Chinese traveller tells us there was a *farm-house* belonging to the University; and, in another passage, we read that the University was supported by the revenues

of about 100 villages! The Nalanda University was a self-sustained Colony helping the development of agriculture and small industries. The present day distinction between vocational and liberal education is, to my mind, artificial; every scheme of education must be liberal *and* vocational; it must relate knowledge to life—to the Ideal values *and* to utilities of the natural and social world in which we find ourselves. At the Nalanda University the Professors and students not only studied and meditated; they did manual work; the economic factor was not disdained: has it not been hallowed by some of the world's great seers? Christ was a carpenter; St. Paul was a tent-maker; Kabir was a weaver and these Teachers in the University did manual work and taught it to their pupils.

The University was an economic centre; it was a great intellectual centre, too. It had 100 platforms for teaching, and members of the Community rose to the number of 10 thousand! Science was one of the subjects studied; the University had

observatories. Says the Chinese Record:- "The observatories seem to be lost in the vapours of the morning and the upper rooms tower above the clouds." And among the subjects taught were logic, literature, arts, medicine, philosophy. 'The Great Vehicle,'—the Buddhist Books, —were studied with special devotion; the University was built and developed by six Buddhist kings in succession 'in loving obedience to Buddha.' The founders and builders were Buddhists; but the University was not denominational, denominationalism, sectarianism, is the death of Culture: true culture must appeal to the human; the University ideal is to awaken the *spirit universal*; and so the Vedas and Sastras of the Brahmins were studied side by side with the Buddhist Canon. What an example in religious harmony this,—to Nations of the West! And we read that the teaching staff included 'strangers!' Saraswati is international; Wisdom is not the monopoly of any one race; and there was nothing in the atmosphere of Nalanda University congenial to modern notions of

race-superiority. Yoga, the science of soul, the psychology of the conscious and sub-conscious was studied; but you will search the books in vain for anything suggestive of that 'race-psychology' which the German schools were proud of, or that refrain of 'Rule, Brittania, Brittania rules the Wave' so pleasing to English schools. Imperialism and theories of *Weltmatch* were no elements in the teaching of the Nalanda University. Karma, reverence, appreciation of the good in other lands and peoples, free pursuit of Truth, meditation, and service of man were the truths the teachers taught and which entered into their philosophy of life. Karma is Justice; if but the Nations could believe that Justice is the law of the universe! Justice may appear to be slow in coming, but come it must,—sure as the sun rises in the East; every nation carries within its actions and aspirations its own Fate, its own Future. Reverence was taught to pupils—reverence not alone for elders but also for what is 'beneath' us—for the brother bird and brother beast. And the

teaching was given, again and again, that one must sit at the feet even of strangers to learn of them *vidya* and arts; it was recognised that Knowledge was International, and the man who was a scholar claimed all respect, no matter what his country or creed.

The greeting given to Hieun—Tsang indicates the catholic vision of the Nalanda University; he was a stranger but he was a Scholar, and he must be received with the respect due to a scholar. Four men of distinguished position in the University, come out a long way off—7 yojanas—to meet him; he halts on the way at a village; and soon the 4 men are joined by 200 Teachers and 'some thousand lay patrons to escort him to the University; they carry standards, umbrellas, flowers and perfume to do him honour; as he enters Nalanda, the whole University greets him; he is requested to take a 'special seat by the side' of the President; the *ghanta* (bell) is sounded to announce to all that the Chinese Scholar is come and that all 'commodities are for his

convenience in common with the rest'; and an Upasaka and a Brahmin accompany him with a riding elephant. What a reception! What a recognition of the internationalism of culture!

Nor was the æsthetic life of man ignored in the Nalanda University. I believe profoundly in the value of æsthetic and spiritual forces in education; and we shall presently understand how ethics and æsthetics entered into the life of Nalanda and shaped to high, noble ends the energies and aspirations of the student-community. The current system of education in this country has awakened aggressive intellect and aroused ambitions; and nothing is sadder than to see intelligence stripped of moral obligations and those æsthetic impulses which find satisfaction in the joy of altruism. And so we come back to the truth that the Immaterial is the vital, that the Ideal *is* the Real, that the truly dynamic and transforming things are those of the spiritual order. Those were the things which, as we shall see, entered into the life of Nalanda: they

were in the hearts of the teachers of Aryavarta. Are the teachers and the teaching dead? Are the songs and philosophy and lore of Krishna and Sankara and Buddha dead? Or do they still slumber in the Nation's heart, making India still a *punya bhumi,* the hope of a new world-culture, the cradle of a new synthetic civilization? Ask not the fettered school master whose wisdom makes his pupils fools; ask the singers on the streets for an answer.

I believe that in the heart of Aryavarta was a love of the Beautiful; and homes of Indian culture—the *âsramas*—were situated in places made lovely by art and nature. In the narrow, garden-less schools of your cities, culture is mutilated, and the æsthetic life of students is trampled upon by the current educational system which asks them to cram, not to enter into the joy of life. The Nalanda University was in the heart of spaciousness, in an atmosphere of the Beautiful. The Record of the Chinese Pilgrim-Scholar speaks of its 'richly adorned towers," and 'the fairy-

like turrets like hill-tops.' 'From the windows,' it says, 'one may see every hour the winds and the clouds produce new forms; and above the soaring eyes one may see the conjunctions of the sun and moon.' There were also 'the deep translucent ponds' bearing on the surface the 'blue lotus' and the red-coloured '*kanaki*' flower; and over all was the shade of the Amra Grove! 'The roofs,' we read, 'were covered with tiles that reflect the light in a thousand shades.' 'These things,' says the Chronicle, 'add to the beauty of the scene.' Surrounded by such things, Nalanda stood to bless teachers and students and develop in them the impulse to worship and serve for Beauty's sake.

The site of the University was full of the associations of Nature and the Buddha's Life. 'For a *yojana* around this spot,' we read, 'the space is full of sacred trees;' and here Hieun-Tsang 'remained for eight or nine days to pay his worship at each spot successively."' Such a site gave scope for out-door life, for nature-communion,

for fellowship with birds and beasts of the woods. It secured that correlation of the physical, intellectual and æsthetic powers which is essential to sound training. We talk, to-day, of 'education through recreation;' we speak of the educational value of play; what we preach was practised in the Aryan educational institutions of old; and in several cases, I believe, our 'discoveries' in the educational world are but a recovery of some long-lost solutions of our problems; swimming, wrestling, shooting arrows, hill-and-mountain climbing were taught to India's students, and continued to be taught in several schools till recent times. I have often thought there was a soldier-spirit in the asramas of Aryavarta,—the spirit willing to bear and suffer for the service of Society. Genius, some of Europe's thinkers would have us believe, is nigh to insanity; genius, according to Aryan thinkers, *is* sanity, is Health; the spiritual man, as depicted in the old books, is the healthy man; and students and teachers at Nalanda, never sat to studies or entered the Temple of Worship without

a physical preparation; cleansing of the body, right regard for dress and diet, breathing exercises and periodical fasts were deemed essential to intellectual and æsthetic life.

The teachers recognised the value of the harmony of powers in the human system and were full of grace; and we are not surprised to read of those deputed to conduct the Hieun-Tsang to the President as having 'dignified carriage.' The pupils had health and vitality; and they were simple. In a recent book giving an idea of university life at Copenhagen, we read that before the War, 'a poor but industrious student' could support himself on £ 50 a year, but that to-day he cannot live on less than £ 100 a year; and this Danish University costs much less than Oxford or Cambridge or Paris or Harvard or Yale! It is interesting to note how simple was the life of students at Nalanda; their requisites were four—clothes, food, bedding, medicine; and these were given them free; there was no system of fees in that un-commercial age; their diet

consisted of fruit, nuts, rice, butter and milk.

It was difficult to find fault with the discipline of Nalanda: the Chinese Record says that 'during the 700 years since the foundation of the establishment there has been no single case of guilty rebellion against the rules.' And this—may we not add?—was due to the fact that the Discipline was one of Dharma, not of the Rod; it was not the discipline praised by Prof. Troeletsch in his 'German Kultur,' and of which an American writer said:—'Fear presides in these (German) schools; the teachers talk in a loud voice and not infrequently yell their instructions. Slapping is general and whipping common.' That is the discipline of the barrack-room, not of the *asrama*; it imprisons life, whereas according to the old ideal, the pupil, the disciple should be 'free from fetters.' It was no soft sentimentalism Nalanda encouraged; the community lived a life of self-control and self-discipline—of study, toil, and duty; but the mainspring of all this *discipline* was the *inspiration* of

human fellowship in the service of the Ideal. There was comradeship among the teachers; and the pupil was often addressed as 'son.' Nalanda, like the Hindu asramas, was a Family, not as the modern city-school often is, a prison house.

And the motive of Nalanda Culture was not 'money, titles, decorations,'—things, which Paulsen said, played a 'considerably important part in German education,' and which—let us confess—play an important part also in current education; the motive was Service. Buddhism was a Religion of Service more even than of meditation; the earliest hospitals and asylums were opened by Buddhists under the inspiration of the Life of the Prince who renounced his palace to spend himself in the service of humanity; and the thought which coloured all teaching at this Buddhist University was that the highest thing is Service. Knowledge is Power, taught Bacon; knowledge is Service, taught the sages of the East; and is not Service better than Power? The spirit which permeated the University

was one of fellowship with the Buddha and Boddhisatvas. Allegiance to these mighty Servants of Humanity and to the Aesthetic Ideal were marks of this university; the spiritual, rightly understood, is not in conflict with the æsthetic; the beautiful is spiritual; and what more beautiful than to be altruistic, to serve society and worship the God in Man?

The belief in Karma and a series of lives after this life, also, helped Nalanda to realise the beauty of Service; for if the Law is just and if death is not the end of all, then to hoard is to lose, to give is to keep, and he who spends himself in the service of others only finds himself enriched and equipped with new powers on the other side.

Nalanda stood a witness to this Truth; the very name 'Nalanda' signified 'service without intermission,' and a Buddhist tradition has it that the first king who built it felt greatly moved towards the orphans and destitute, and spent all he had in their service! In this spirit of service, Indian teachers went to Tibet and China

and Siam and other countries to spread the Dharma, and open orphanages and asylums. In this spirit some came to Sind, and made this land a famous home of the healing art. How Sind declined in later days is a painful story; but if she is to re-arise and make her presence felt in the counsels of the Indian Nation, her life must be enriched with the service of some great minds alive to the influences of to-day but also appreciative of their own traditions of culture, and the ancient ideals of their own Aryan Family. That sympathetic interpreter of Indian thought, the late Sir George Birdwood, said that western education 'destroyed in Indians the love of their own literature, the quickening soul of a people, their delight in their own arts,' that it 'disgusted them with their own homes, their parents and sisters, their very wives,' that it 'brought discontent into every family.' Western science has brought with it liberating influences, and we cannot ignore it; but it needs the corrective and controlling influence of the great ideals of Aryan

Culture which were the formative factors in the life of Nalanda and other *asramas* of old. The current system of education does not do justice even to the Culture of the West; there are not many of our students to whom their text books and teachers reveal the real soul of Europe.

And how many of our graduates know or appreciate the old songs and stories of India? How many realise the beauty of their own national culture? We need the education that would enable us to enter into the rich spiritual heritage of our race; and modern life needs some of the beautiful old things our Leaders and Teachers loved, lived for, and died for in the long ago. Therefore I ask young men to claim their national culture, to claim the songs and stories, the literature and arts, the traditions and ideals of India. They are the Temples where the Soul of the Race remembers itself. And in them still slumbers a Sacred Fire waiting for Young India to breathe into it the breath of reverent love and wake it into a Flame of Sacrifice to the Saviour of the Nations.

THE ARYAN TYPE

It is regrettable that writers on social dynamics have ignored the Aryan type of culture and civilization; they have discussed the course of social evolution on the data supplied only by Western States. It is not difficult, therefore, to detect errors in the generalizations of even such eminent thinkers as Hegel, Comte, Buckle, Darwin, Kidd, Spencer, Schaffle, Pearson. I wish to speak in no sectarian spirit of partisanship. I echo aloud the sentiment in Terence's line:—"I am a man—and nothing that pertains to *man* do I deem to be alien from me." And if I venture to criticise hasty generalizations of some Western writers, it is because I wish to place Truth above Europe or Asia.

"Europe," says an eminent thinker of the West, "represents finality in the history of the world"! And again:—

"The subjection of the Asiatic kingdoms to the European is incurable"! So a gentleman writing to the "Christian" of London, some years ago, said:—"Heathenism is the night of Asia. Dante's Inferno is a mere dream compared to the awful actualities of pagan life."! Never was there a greater need of a scientific study of comparative civilization. The objective vision of Western critics of India has suffered for lack of that *sympathy* which, more than the empirical data supplied by superficial observation, is the key to the psychology of social groups and peoples.

It was a fine type of civilization India developed long ago. Some think *military organization* is the test of civilization; and so Western nations did not regard Japan as civilized till she defeated Russia! Some regard increased *natural comfort* as the test of civilization; and the *economic school* has laid much stress on the accumulation of gold and silver! Some regard *technical invention* as the true test; it has yet to be known how far inventions have either added to the joys of living or contri-

buted to our appreciation of those deeper values which make life worth living. Modern politicians often appeal to the proportion of exports and imports, national debt, capital, territorial expansion, etc., as the true determinants of national progress. But material improvements are only means of gratifying desires; and to increase the needs or desires is not *in itself* a sign of progress. Unsatisfied desires are a stimulus only when *kept within limits.* Crossing the limits, they only create speculative thieves and political fanatics. The industrial revolution has introduced new wants and desires; has it introduced joy into life? Artificial wants have created *over-production and under-consumption.* And, after all, what is the *end* of social life? Is it money-making or soul-forming? Life is being lived to-day under great pressure, and there is a craving for the sensational. Exciting plays and songs are in continual demand; cinemas are sought with enthusiasm; gambling and drunkenness are increasing; industry and machinery are conspicuous to-day; but

yearningly you ask:—"where is the soul?"

It is just here that a study of the Hindu type of civilization may be of service to-day. The Hindu type is dominated by *a socio-religious ideal.* The Hindu interpreted life as communion with God, with man, and with nature. He interpreted life as *communion*; because he saw one Life, one Soul in all. Is not *the highest stage of socialisation* this,—to live and work as a member of the Social Whole, to find our ideal self in others? True it is that all sin is separateness. As one of our Scriptures has it:—"He who knoweth not the science of the Self, he makes no action fruitful." Again:—"Worship ye the Universal Self as the One and only Beloved ....For the sake of the Self alone is all else dear." The Indo-Aryan ideal is fellowship with Nature and fellowship with Man in and through the Eternal. Civilization must develop a *sense of fellowship* or perish in its own entanglements.

The Indo-Aryan civilization has been nourished by *communion with nature.* In

the West man has been compelled to wage war with nature. Man there has lived by wrestling with nature; and an eminent scientist, Prof. Ray Lankester, spoke of man as "Nature's rebel." Europe's civilization had its origin in the commingling and conflict of men in the city. But Aryan civilization was born in Nature's lap. Our legislators lived in communion with nature. The energy of the Hindu civilization was not due to conflict. It was *the energy of inwardness*. The leaders of Hindu civilization were not men of the battle-spirit, but *Foresters*,—men who realised what it is to have *power in repose*. Christian England received stimulus from the sea: Mahomedan Arabia from the desert, the Aryan India, very largely, from the Forest. The Rishis who made India were Foresters. Even in Indian folktales the *forest* is magnified, not the palace. Janaka was not ashamed to plough, though his royal hand wielded the sovereign sceptre of the land.

This communion with nature did not make India inert; it enriched her consci-

ousness. In Hindu dramas you note the silent action of nature on man; man without the influence of nature is represented as a rebel, as being subject to fits of passion. And with the Hindu poet, nature-love is not *enjoyment* but *communion*, not *pleasure* but "*sadhan*," a spiritual discipline, a purification-ceremony. A Bengali poem expresses this sentiment in touching terms: the poet is addressing Nature thus:—

"Oh Mother Earth: Father Sky!
Brother Wind! Friend Light!
Beloved Water!
Here take my last salutation with folded hands!
For, to-day, I am melting away into the Supreme,
Because my heart became pure,
And all illusion vanished
Through the power of your good company."

This socio-religious ideal of life secured freedom of thought and expression,—a freedom unexampled in the history of the world. The pages of Aryan history are not

stained with deeds of violence in the name of religion.

So it was the Aryan made Dharma the basis of social value-judgments. The Hindu recognised the law of social solidarity. Aryan sociologists like Manu and Yagnavalkya discerned the truth that the conflict giving rise to economic problems and perplexities could be resolved only if the essential forms, the categories of variation, namely, desires be controlled by Dharma in the *laws* of social consciousness.

One of these laws emphasised by Aryan sociologists was progress in a series of sacrifices. The Darwinian formula of the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest is not the final word of life. Social expansion *is* through self-sacrifice; *for the ultimate purposes of life are immaterial.* Wealth is but a means, and poverty is neither a crime nor sin. India's great men were men of wisdom rather than of wealth; and Kalidasa sat on the side of the great Vikrama. The standard of the outer life was low but that of the inner life

was high : and great was the honor done to those who lived the inner life. Some of these men—Sanyasins—the Sanyasins of *gnan*—sat in India's Legislative Councils. Such Sanyasins—practical Sanyasins—men who having developed *abhedha buddhi* can see into the *principles of national life* and who know that *wisdom*, not *money*, is the measure of man—such men, indeed, are the Nation's need to-day.

IS DEMOCRACY A WESTERN INVENTION ?

Critics of India's claim to *swaraj* often urge that democracy is alien to India's genius, that it is a Western invention, that, therefore, India must be content to patiently learn the Ideal Democratic under British guidance! A 'Colonial expert,' speaking recently in London on "Our Indian Empire," said that he, with his "twenty years' experience of the Colonies," had "no sympathy for the man who after a six weeks' tour in India would return and say that India was fit for any form of democratic government." The Colonies are fit but not India! A 'liberal' English paper in the course of a recent examination of the Indian situation said that democracy was a form of government "suited only to the West." It added:—"Who can make an even plausible case

against the thesis advanced by Mr. Balfour many years ago in his essay on "Decadence," that the East, released from the direct influence of the West, is always likely to revert to that form of government which we call an 'oriental despotism?' This, at any rate, we may surely say: that whether democracy is or is not destined ever to take root in India, its only chance of growth there now, or of survival in any future period that we can yet foresee, lies in the preservation of peace based upon the presence in India of a British army. Abdication might be a tribute to nationalism, but it would be a treason to democracy." The same paper reflected the view of many Western critics of India when it said:—"We must use whatever force is necessary to maintain peace while we are fostering this unique attempt (the 'reform' policy) to plant in Asia the seed of European democracy. A great responsibility rests upon the British public and especially upon the leaders of democratic opinion. Unless they can learn to refrain from speaking and thinking of Indian

politics in terms of Western politics they will almost inevitably bring about the greatest disaster that could possibly happen to India......India cannot achieve in a day what Europe has achieved in centuries. She may have other things to teach us, but this (democracy) is something that we have to teach her; and if we shirk the laborious task of hurling our ready-made formulae at her head and then washing our hands of the results we shall have done her the worst disservice we could!" On this peg, the English 'liberal' paper hangs its exhortation:—"We must *govern* India or we must go!" The bureaucracy must *govern* India, for democracy is alien to India's genius! Democracy is something she must learn from the West! And the British public must not think of Indian politics in terms of Western politics! This 'superior' attitude reflects the mentality of a power-intoxicated imperialism. Indian governments, we were taught in the schools, were essentially despotic. Politics, it has been told us again and again, are the gift of the West to the

East! Freedom, it is urged, is foreign to India's genius, traditions and history!

Yet one has but to study India's ancient polity and literature to know how congenial was the idea of Freedom to Aryan genius. Only the 'freedom' which Europe has often sought in the Bastille and the Red Flag. India has sought in the service of a Constructive, Cultural Ideal. Aryan India believed in freedom of thought and freedom of conscience as, perhaps, no nation of the West. When did she witness "wars of Religion?" And when did she persecute Public Opinion or send to the prison-house the men who would not think in terms of the official mind? India believed that the very birds and beasts had the right to live unharmed; and even to-day you may hear some passing beggar in the street sing an old sad music of freedom. In the *Mahabharata* we read:—"All forms of sacraments are combined in politics; all the heavens are centred in the ethics of the State." Yet critics talk of 'autocracy' and 'oppression' as congenial to the Indian idea of the State!

The truth is, Aryavarta recognised only freemen,—freemen in the family and freemen in the body politic. Caste degenerated into 'separateness' in later days. Caste in the earlier days was a grand experiment in National Co-operation. The Aryan father did not, like the Roman, exercise despotic sway over family members; and the Aryan State, unlike Greek and Roman States, recognised no slave-labour. The essence of the State, writes Trietschke, 'consists in this, that it can suffer no higher power above itself'—The essence of the State, according to the Indo-Aryan view, consisted just in this that it recognised a higher Reason, a higher Will,—the *Dharma*—above itself. Not Power, but expression of *Dharma* was the end of the Aryan State. Not the old Indian, but the new European, developed a theory of state-absolutism, a theory of the 'god-state,' 'frightful' in power, responsible to none except itself! The Aryan King shared the life of his people; he was required by the Law above him,—the Aryan Law of the Land,—to be in sympathy with

the needs and aspirations of his people; how else could he look after their interests? The King was to be 'a father to his people.' We read in the Books of kings willing to offer up themselves, 'a sacrifice to save the People;' and of one who failed to tread this path of *Dharma*, we read in a Buddhist drama:—

> A coward is that King!
> He offers to his enemy,
> The people of his realm!
> Why did he not first offer up himself?

The King was to be the burden-bearer. 'I will act according to *Dharma*,' he said in his coronation oath, 'and I will not act arbitrarily.' But if he acted 'foolishly' or 'rashly' or oppressed his subjects, the People were to 'deprive him and his family of the Kingdom;' he could be fined or deposed by the State Council which was representative of the People; his right to rule was *derived* from the original Right of the People. Thus the famous King Harsha—a Vaishya by birth, according to a Chinese Pilgrim's account was chosen

by the State Council to be the ruler of the kingdom. Strictly limited was monarchy in ancient India; the authority was not the King's word but the written order of the king-in-Council. So we read that "the king who commands without writing and the officer who acts without written orders are both thieves." Public opinion was not to be ignored or suppressed as it is to-day. 'Public opinion,' says an ancient Law-giver, 'is more powerful than the king, as the rope made up of many fibres is strong enough to drag a lion!" India evolved a noble conception of Kingship; the King was to be a servant of the People. "Work I must for the welfare of all," said Asoka; and Chanyakya gives us some idea of this work when he says: "The King shall attend personally to the business of Gods, heretics, Brahmans learned in the Veda, cattle, sacred places, the aged, the afflicted, the helpless and women." 'At all times and in all places,' ordered Asoka, 'whether I am dining or in the ladies apartment, in my bedroom or in any closet, or in my carriage

or in the palace gardens, the official reporters should keep me constantly informed of the people's business, which business of the people I am ready to dispose of at any place.' Public grievances could thus be heard and redressed quickly, and the chances minimised of the *law's delay*. The officials were to avoid idleness, impatience and harshness; special efforts were put forth by government to promote agricultural improvement and economic interests of the people; 'in their happiness,' writes an ancient Lawgiver, 'lies the king's happiness.' The right divine of kings to do wrong was never recognised by ancient lawgivers; monarchy was constitutional; above the king was the Dharma, the Law of Aryavarta, the Law of the People, the Law of the Social Life which none was to violate: the king's rights were derived from this *Dharma*, this *right* of the people and in the Aitareya Brahmana we read of the ceremony the king went through when he received authority from the people's hands, and of the oath he took on that occasion, saying:

—'may I be deprived of heaven, of life, and offspring if I oppress you.' And there are names mentioned in the Books of kings who were dethroned because they violated the Law, the Dharma. In some parts of India, indeed, there were *republics*, and it was the Republics of the Punjab which helped Chandragupta to emancipate India from the yoke of Macedonians. Kingship rested on *common consent* of the people; and it was the King-in-Council that ruled the land. In addition to the Council, there were the popular Assemblies, which wielded great influence; and some of these Assemblies in the South, the Greek historian says, 'greatly checked, the power of Kings.' There were village communities, each a unit of self-government; they appointed and controlled several officials corresponding to our Collectors and Deputy Collectors and Mukhtiarkars.

It is a fiction to say that India has believed in the one-man Rule. The State Council was at the helm of the Administration; the Council was presided over not

by the king but by a Minister called the *Pradhana* and had direct control over the Navy, the Army, the Finance, the Police, Justice and foreign Affairs,—each one of these departments having a Minister of its own. In addition to this, there was the *Vidya Sabha* (Ministry of Education) to look after education, arts and architecture. There was also the *Dharma Sabha* to look after public health and social morality. Then there were Village Councils, each Council having a number of Committees; there was a Water Committee which attended to the water-supply of the village and made arrangements for irrigation works; there was a Garden Committee which looked after public gardens and orchards; and travellers speak of their abundant supply of fruits and flowers; there was a Social Service Committee which organised relief, and opened institutions of charity and public utility. It was these Village Councils, the little Parliaments of the Nation which distributed village lands among the peasants and collected taxes, a portion of which was sent

to the State Council. Members of the Village Council were elected by the people; and the chosen head, the President, the *Mukhi* of the Council was held in high esteem by the Government. 'Your Honor,' —this did even the highest official of Government address him; and the respect paid to the village headman only increased the people's respect for Government. To-day the *mukhi* is overawed by petty officials of the Administration; and in some parts of Sind, even a police sub-inspector expects that, during his tour, village headmen should do *him* the honour of touching his feet! It cannot be well with a People that will not or cannot impress its will on the official class; and the official who thinks he can with impunity defy public opinion cannot be a servant of the Nation. It was a wise rule in ancient India which compelled Government officers to live *outside* the village; and the Village Councils were left to manage their own affairs without official interference. Of how many Municipalities and local boards in India can it be said to-day that they are not sought to be

brought within the sphere of 'official' influence?

The *Sukraniti* says in clear emphatic terms that in matters of dispute between the people and the officials, the king 'should take the side not of his officers but of his subjects; and a good old rule declared that an official accused by one hundred persons was to be dismissed.

In other Guilds and Associations of the People, no less than in the Village Panchayat, was observed the same principle of national self-government. There were Assemblies of artisans and traders; they tried cases of dispute between traders; and the Brotherhood issued orders of punishment or acquittal—a better mode 'I think' of dealing out justice than the present day system in which pleaders and the powers that be co-operate to make the poor man poorer and the rich man stronger! There was no need of a Code of Coercion, when the official was a servant of the People and did not put the rope round your neck for holding particular opinions, or serving your Nation.

That these Sabhas or Councils were democratic will be easily understood by those who remember that members were elected; these in their turn elected their own representatives to the Nation's Council, the *Raj Sabha*, whose decisions the King was bound to respect. And to read the Books carefully is to understand how wise they were who based Government on this principle of election. Each village was divided into wards, and every candidate for election was to satisfy certain qualifications. He must possess a definite area of land, be educated and be above 35 and below 70 in age. There was the further *qualification of character*, so that a man guilty of social immorality could not be a candidate for a seat in a village Sabha. To-day, property is reckoned superior to education and character, and men having practically no education and living lives of open shame are known to have usurped the honoured seats meant for 'City fathers and for Law-givers in the Nation's Councils.' Nor were women debarred from being members of the Sabhas;

the prejudice against women's suffrage is, I believe, modern. We read of a woman in ancient India who was a member of a Committee of Justice; and King Harsha's sister had no small part in the administration of Harsha's Kingdom. Aryavarta recognised the principle of co-operation of the two sexes; Aryavarta gave a high place to woman in the economy of the nation's life. The woman-soul must pour its inspiration upon our life and civilization to-day and I look for a Woman-Patriot, with a maiden's passion for the Motherland, to arise and interpret the hidden heart of India to the world."

The energies of India were thus set free to evolve a great Culture, and secure well-being of the people. Trees were planted along public roads; asramas were built for travellers; there were post-offices and police stations; the policeman was a servant of the people, not a spy of the official; the confidential agents of the king were, as the Greek historian has testified, men who spoke to him honestly of the people's grievances; with beautiful frankness does

tho *Sukraniti* says :—' A King worthy of praise should hear his own fault from his subjects' point of view, and get rid of them, but never punish the people.' The Aryan knew the science of irrigation, and special care was taken to regulate the supply of water ; rainfall in a particular year might be scanty, but famine of food was checked ; for there was no mockery of 'free trade ;' half the food grains in the State warehouses were held in reserve for the next year ; and it was the reserves which helped people in the famine year ; the kings of old were, several of them, not good in private life, but they recognised that the prosperity of the peasant was essential to the stability of the throne ; the revenue system was not inflexible as it is to-day ; the land belonged to the people, and the peasant gave the King a share according to the produce. I believe that the nations need the deeper values of Indian civilization. The sin of Western democracies is that they have not yet passed the colour-line. Great has been the agony of India through the ages ; but she is not yet defeated ! And

will not be as long as she clings to the vision of her Soul.

And so I plead with young men to claim as their own the rich inheritance of the past. The root of all evil is fear born of a sense of inferiority. Rough still the Road which we must tread before the End is reached; but not, therefore, must we fear or think that the Indian mind is inferior to that of any Nation on the face of the earth. Did never a whisper of Ancient Wisdom enter your hearts to make you feel of what India was in the long ago? India loved Freedom and built up democratic institutions in the morning of the world's history? Therefore I bow to her; therefore is sacred the very dust of India's earth. For the love of India is not a sentiment 'without form and void;' the love of India is the love of India's earth and India's men, of her hills and rills, her vales and dales, her cottages, her holy hermitages, her living Past flowing into the Present; it is the Love that comes from the Rishis and Manus who stand behind us as the bulwarks of this Ancient Land. The

West may please itself with the fancy that it has conquered us; the War has not yet broken the red pride of the West; but India will not be conquered as long as she does not surrender her Past. She saw, in diverse ways, the truth of Freedom; and on that she built a mighty civilization. Therefore I ask young men to think of Her, to study Her genius, to become a part of Her passion, a part of the Indian Idea. Therefore I plead with them to speak Her mind, to feel the ache of Her aspirations, to read the Scripture of Her soul, and to believe that they have the power to make India great,—aye greater than she was even in the long ago.

UPANISHADS AND THE MODERN MAN

In the India of long ago, Islamic scholars travelled from Arabia and other parts to India and studied the sciences and literature of this land. And it was in the days of the great Moghul that a Hindu composed a book concerning the essential message of the Prophet, Mahomed—a book called the Allah-Upanishad. The Hindu and the Muslim are sons of a common soil, inheritors of a common glory. I know of Muslims who revere our rishis as theirs; and Hindus who know the life of Mahomed —a life of singular grace and beauty, of simplicity and humility and faith—bow in reverence to the name of the great Prophet who established a faith destined to become a world-democracy. Great has been the share of Islam in the building up of the world's civilization. When Europe was

plunged in darkness, Islam held aloft the torch of culture. And in the dark days of India's history Islam came a rude awakener, a vigorous civilizer, a nationalising force, enriching the life of India with new types of architecture, new types of culture, and in the person of the gifted sovereign—Akbar—a new life of sympathy and statesmanship. Many are the links of sympathy between the Hindu and the Muslim in this Historic Land—the birth place of Vedic sages and of Akbar and Abul Fazl—here in this classic soil of Sind, the Hindu and the Muslim must not seek to stand apart but work together as friends, as comrades in a common cause—work together for the building of a great future when a re-risen Sind may go upon her mission verifying the dream which some of us are dreaming and fulfilling the promise of her passionate past.

I wish to regard the Upanishads, to-day, from the point of view not of theology but of Literature. A careful study of these volumes will show, I think, that the Upanishads are a contribution to world-litera-

ture. There are a few collections which we may regard as the great Literary Scriptures of the world—volumes which are not of local or provincial interest, but have a universal value.

One of these collections is associated with the Hellenic genius; Greek classics articulate an ideal concerning the civic spirit, sounding again and again the note that the duty of the individual is to subordinate himself to the nation-state. Another collection is the Hebrew Bible charged with practical wisdom and the supreme idea that the universe is fundamentally *righteous*. Another great literary scripture is the Koran—a book whose literary beauty and grace made so powerful an appeal to the people of Arabia. Sovereignty of God and Democracy of Believers are the two of—the ideas beautifully set forth in the Koran. The Prophet was an Artist and his exposition of these two ideas is well-worth a study by the modern man. Another great literary scripture is Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Another still is the collection of Dramas associated

with the name of Shakespeare. The Upanishads constitute another collection and have, I claim, a universal value.

Not without reason have the Upanishads fascinated men in different countries and at different times; Dara, the Moghul Prince had them translated into the Persian; Latin and German translations followed; Schopenhauer was fond of them: the German philosophical world was influenced by them; some developments of Neo-German Idealism was due, unfortunately, to a perversion of the Upanishadic doctrine of will; for, whereas the Upanishads ask us to develop our will and the power of thought to use them in the service of the Universe, thinkers of Germany clamoured for the will-to-power, the will-to-dominate.

What is the meaning of the word 'Upanishads?' The word may be interpreted in more than one way. Radically the word means 'sitting down near;' taking us thus to the far off times when education demanded no elaborate external machinery, no costly buildings; when the

big classes of to-day were unknown and the pupils sat near the teacher, sat round him, in fellowship with the *guru*, sat on the ground in nature's lap, receiving lectures not in closed doors as to-day but in the open air, and growing in life by daily communion with Nature's wonder and beauty. The word 'Upanishad' radically means, also, destroying prejudice and ignorance; conveying thus an idea that he who seeks Knowledge must rise above prejudices and secure a catholic outlook on life. So it was that Hindus sat at the feet of the Greeks to learn astronomy and moved out to different parts of the world to enrich themselves with the knowledge and experiences of the Non-Aryan.

The total number of Upanishads has been estimated at 1180: Of these 108 have survived the shock of centuries and have been translated into more than one language. A common misconception has it that the Upanishads are infected with asceticism and other-worldism, that at best they have only a speculative, theoretic interest. It is true there are in the Upanishads

many things of speculative interest; again there are matters bearing upon the psychology of the sub-conscious; the books, also, have passages which to me at present are enigmatic. But the books regarded synthetically are charged through and through with a message which is fundamentally *practical* and is, I believe, of vital value to the Modern Man. Those who talk of the other-worldism and unpractical character of the Upanishads forget that the Rishis who composed them were householders, men possessed of practical wisdom, *practical idealists* who entered the stream of life and taught the pupils not as arm-chair academicians but as, Seers of the Secret of Life.

The teaching embodied in these books was given to students who were in due course to become householders themselves; and the great ones who gave the teaching were men who realised, I believe, the developmental character of Society and Civilization. More than once life is, in the books, represented as a *growing tree*: anticipating thus what we call to-day the

organic conception of society. The Upanishads have a message for the modern mind. It is a message of obedience to the Laws of life on four of these laws,—four Fundamental Laws of Life, as I may call them,—I have meditated. And I believe that India's children must learn to live a life of obedience to these laws, if India is to fulfil the obligation imposed upon her by the God of Nations and to help the movement of civilization. One of these laws is the *law of Veracity.* Our public life is bound to be poor in the measure in which it is a life of compromise and conformity; our civilization is full of 'conventional lies.' We often forget we live in a glass-house and the world has a knack of finding us out in the long run. I ask young men to worship the truth that is God, in the teeth of the world's opposition, and though they be poor and obscure their influence will not pass away. If, indeed, my deepest self is God why should I be afraid of the world? Another law is the law of *Dharma.* To do one's *dharma* is to be *Brahman*-like. What is Brahman? The

answer given over and over in the Upanishads is: *Brahman* (God) is *Ananda* (the spirit of Joy). God is Joy, Love-Joy; and our *dharma* is to communicate joy to those we meet. Look around you, into your homes and streets and shops; your schools and colleges and temples; your activities and organisations; do you see the spirit of joy? Look into the intellectual faces of the students; do they feel the joy of knowledge? If not, give them teachers of the true old type—men of scholarship and sympathy and idealism—teachers who will not be mere officials, but who will press their pupils to their hearts and know that in blessing their students they themselves are blessed. Look into your offices; do you see joy in the faces of the clerks? Look into your streets and see the labourers; homeless, comfortless, sometimes breadless; are they happy? Look into your homes invaded by cruel customs; into your temples, once the centres of spiritual life; do you see joy dwelling therein? Examine the condition of peasants, of India's masses; are they happy?

The third great law is the Law of Race-Solidarity. When the pupil in ancient India finished his course of studies, he came to the teacher, the Guru, for blessings and advice; and the *guru* in his parting message said to the student about to enter the world—"See that the thread of your race is not broken." Patriot-poets they were,—the singers of the Upanishads; and they had a profound perception of this Law of Race-Solidarity. "See that the thread of your race is not broken:" This, too, the message of the Upanishads to the children of India. Study statistics: is it true that our race is dying? Is our birth-rate declining? Is our death-rate increasing year after year? Then pause and consider whether it is not our duty to pay heed to the old teaching concerning race-solidarity. Emphasis is laid on Body-Building in these books. It is wrong to say the Upanishads ignore or despise the material basis of life: the body, the *sthula sarira* is in these books regarded as a mystic temple of the Highest: So it was that every student had to take the vow of

brahmacharya; Modern India witnesses the sorry spectacle of baby-fathers and boy-widowers: early marriages sap the strength of our students and they move about with broken, tired, weak bodies. How can the "thread of our race" be continued?

Another thing on which emphasis is laid in these books is Nature-communion. "Hearken to the soul of Nature" said the great Zoroaster: so sang, also, the Poet-Prophets of the Upanishads. They had Faith in Nature more than in Machinery. They believed in the value of silence-periods. Our bodies and minds are in the midst of disturbing influences. We must realize that there is strength in silence, that in silence-periods come the Voices of Nature. Such periods of communion with the Wonder of Nature train our wills towards Life and prepare us for real service of the Nation. Great thoughts, great ideas, great resolves are born not in the stormy days of life's fever but in the spacious days of life's fellowship with the simple yet profound secret of Nature.

The fourth great law of Life discerned by the Upanishads is the law of Self-Renunciation. "Rejoice in the Lord through self-renunciation;"—such, the declaration of the Books. The world according to the Singers of the Upanishads, is an act of God's Sacrifice: the universe is God's self-offering of joy; and over and over again is the teaching given concerning the joy of giving, the joy of sacrifice. There is the message of the Upanishads for every one of us who would have his share in the struggles and strivings of to-day. India is called in old books the *Bharatavarsha*; and do you know the meaning of the word '*Bharat*?' *Bharat* means that which supports; India has supported us and the race we represent; supported the Hindu and the Mussalman, the Parsi and the Christian. As century has followed century, the Mother has supported some of the great civilizations of the world. The great human civilizations —the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Greek, the Chinese, the Hindu, the German—have been influenced by India: and in

these days of the world's clash and conflict, India, I have said to myself, may yet support Civilizations. But on the one condition that we, the children of this Ancient Land, endeavour to live the life of self-renunciation. There be a touching little story of a pupil who after a good deal of study and experience in the art of singing comes to his music master and sings in his presence and waits for the master's verdict. "You sing well," says the master; "you sing well, but you will never sing divinely until you have offered your all on the altar of Love." So spoke the master to his pupil; and the words whisper a message to us to-day. Young men come and tell me:—"But we have no great talents; we have not the world's treasure with us: we are poor, unknown: what can *we* give?" And I appeal to them and say:—"Why call yourselves poor? Are you not sons of the Eternal? Princes are ye all; why then regard yourselves as weak? The world's treasure—earth's silver and gold—possessions and titles and pomp and shows and power and dominion—not these

the need of the Nation, the need of the world. You have what India wants—your aspirations, your love and service: offer these; offer your little all on the altar of Love; remember India is in quest of Broken, Suffering hearts. Let your hearts break for India—break in music, the speechless music of service. Let your *dharma*, be: the SERVICE OF INDIA, birth after birth; the service of the Mother, coeval with the earth's civilizations; the service of Freedom. For without a Free India must perish the Hope of the world. Let your hearts break for India, and the Eternal Wonder-Worker who longs to enter toil and pain will come and re-set the strings of your heart; and you may hear the Secret whispered by leaves and flowers and stars; and you may sound new notes of a New Song such as may stir the very stones of India.

THE ROCK OF SACRIFICE

'A man becometh what he thinketh upon'—says an ancient Scripture of India; and the American story-writer saw its truth when he wrote his beautiful little story of the 'Great Stone Face'—the story which tells of a boy who thought upon the Great Stone Face which was on the rock above his village,—thought of it as the Face like unto that of one who should come in the fulness of time to guide the People to greatness—thought of it, again and again, till his own face resembled the one on the Rock, and his people looked up to him as their Leader and Liberator. What you think upon constantly passes into you, becomes a part of you, colours your thought and emotion. So it was that in India *asramas* were built in beautiful forests, and something of nature's calm and beauty passed into the lives of the asrama-

students. So it was that Stories were recited and Dramas staged to impress the ideals of great souls upon the people; stories and dramas were told in village, by travelling teachers, several of them *bhikkus* —the poor in spirit who bore witness to that Wisdom without which none is rich.

Of one of these Dramas I wish to interpret in this paper. It is named the 'Nagananda.' Its scene is laid in Pattala, once a capital of Sind. Pattala was one of the famous centres of commerce in ancient India; its name and fame had spread to Rome. The drama was written in the 7th century about the time Sind was struggling against the strong-bodied, strong-willed Arabs; Sindh was not a small shrunken sub-province in those days; it was an honoured member of the Indian Federation.

The Sindhi Raja, Dirvaji was a renowned soldier; Baluchistan belonged to him; and true to his Kshatrya traditions, he died on the battlefield, opposing the Arabs. His successor Sahasi, too, opposed the invader; he, too, died on the battlefield. Sind

passed into Arab hands in the 8th century; but in the 7th century Sind was a vital country; her genius has always been liberal; and she responded to the Buddhist Faith as she did, later, to Islam and, again, to the Message of Nanak. Buddhism spread to Persia and Mesopotamia and Syria, to Siam and China and Japan; it also spread to Sind and became a shaping power in her life in the 7th century. The Drama 'Nagananda,' is Buddhist in its ethics and inspiration.

Its author was a Buddhist, a Vaishya by birth, a King by profession—one of the mightiest and worthiest of India's Kings—Harsha. This Vaishya was called by the State Council to be India's Raja; he was a king-elect; yet critics, would have us believe that democracy is alien to Indian consciousness! Harsha was India's King in the 7th Century; he was also a Singer, a Poet, a Dramatist; he had the humility of the man of knowledge and was always glad to pay homage to learning and piety. The famous Chinese traveller—Hieun-Tsang—was then in India; Harsha invited him to

his Court; Hieun-Tsang took some time to respond to the royal invitation; and what said Harsha on meeting him? 'Master!' said the King to the Pilgrim-Scholar, 'Master! Your disciple requested you to come before. Why did you not come'? The great King wrote this great drama, the 'Nagananda.'

Its hero is a Prince of the Vidyaharas. Reverence for parents, love of nature, kindness to all creature characterise him even as a boy; he grows in years and in knowledge; he meets a Princess who has cherished silent love for him and is praying to the goddess to grant her the heart's desire; he sees her and loves her; and to himself, he says:—'If she dwell in Heaven, then Hari's hundred eyes need not stray beyond her to gaze on Beauty.' He approaches the bashful girl. 'Fear not,' he whispers to himself, 'O Beautiful one! My Presence will not pain thee.' And when she leaves, he is restless. Left to himself he implores Cupid, 'the flower-armed God' to have mercy on his heart 'pierced by infinite arrows'; he dreams of her, her face resting

on her hand and she weeping! He thinks of her when awake, and draws her face on slabs of stone in his garden seat. What purity, what divinity in this passion!

She, too, loves him passionately; to her his beauty far surpasses Cupid's; she pines in his absence; neither knows yet how much the other loves; she even thinks her love is unrequited: why live, she asks, when the heart is filled with the grief of hopeless love? She sees a tree; she takes a creeper branch; she puts it round her neck; she prays to the goddess to bless her in other worlds; she is about to commit suicide when her lover,—the Prince—turns up. He takes her by the hand; he untwines the creeper; he tells her not to harm herself; he assures her of his love and the two go together to take part in the rites of the Marriage Festival.

When did a man and a woman love each other with a deeper love? But there is something love itself needs—something to enrich it, to make it stronger, purer, a power mightier than the gods; it is *tapasya*, self-renunciation. So we read that the

Prince has left his palace; to him has come the Call of Service; he must be out to help his brethren; else is 'life spent as vain.' We find this lover-prince is in the Forest; he sleeps on the grass; his seat a stone, his food the roots, his companions the deer, his inspiration, communion with the Ideal. He has listened to the message of Nature; he realises that to live is to give.

Pattala was inhabited by a Naga tribe; the Nagas had been oppressed by the king of another tribe; and the Chief of the Nagas had come to a compromise with that king that in his honour would be sacrificed one Naga every day. The Prince learns of this; he resolves to give up his life to save the Nagas—to save even one of them. Moving out, he hears a woman's voice; it is the turn of her son to mount up the Rock and be offered a sacrifice; and the mother—the Sindhi mother may be ignorant, but who more loving?—follows her son. 'How can I,' she says, 'bear to see thee slain a sacrifice?' Sankhachuda is the son's name; he consoles her, telling her it is the

decree of Fate, asking her not to weep. 'My child', the mother cries, 'my child of a hundred vows! When shall I see thee more?' She tells Garuda, the king of the other tribe, that *she* is the destined victim of the day; she fain would save her son; but her son, not she, has the crimson robe to mark the person whom the Chief of the Nagas has destined for death.

The Prince hears it all; he now steps forth to offer himself a sacrifice, to save the poor mother's son. Sankhachuda is struck. The Prince, he says, is ready to cast away his life as though it were straw, to save my life. 'I pray', he tells the Prince, 'do not insist.' But no argument, no appeal can change the Prince's Will. 'Give me the crimson robe,' he says, 'the sign of the man marked out for sacrifice.' Sankhachuda would not hear of it; he finds that Garuda is coming to claim the day's sacrifice; he tells his mother to depart; and 'may I,' he says, 'be born again and thou be my Mother still'! The old woman stays, resolved 'to die there with her dearest son'; Sankhachuda now goes out for a

short time to a sacred place near by, to offer prayers and prepare himself for death; the Prince gets his opportunity; a man comes to him with some red garments; arrayed in these, he mounts up the Rock of Sacrifice. 'My body thrills with rapture,' he says, 'as I mount the rock.' There is the man who feels the rapture of renunciation, the man who has realised that the joy of life is experienced in the moment of self-giving. The Prince is on the Rock, and offers a prayer that he may, in other births, get a human body to sacrifice it, again and again, for the good of the People. Garuda arrives and wounds the body of the Prince; and there falls a rain of fragrant flowers; the gods rejoice that the Earth has a man ready to give his life to save another's. Sankhachuda soon returns to the Rock to find that the Prince is missing. 'Ah! wicked that I am!', he says, 'I have lost my chance of merit by self-sacrifice for my people.' In the meantime, the Prince's father, mother and wife, who have been in quest of him, come to the Rock and find the Prince's jewelled

crest there : their worst fears are confirmed. Garuda is wonder-struck at the Prince's conduct; the Prince, he finds, shows no pain, no terror, rather Joy. 'What is thy name?' asks Garuda. Sankhachuda, too, has now arrived, and he tells Garuda to let the Prince go, adding:—'I am the destined man.' Garuda is deeply impressed: he learns that the victim in his hands is the famous Prince of the Vidyadharas; he repents of his sin; he pays homage to the Prince. 'What shall I do,' he asks the Prince, 'to gain forgiveness? Tell me how I may be purified from this sin.' Then does the Prince deliver the great teaching:—'No more destroy the Race but let the Nagas live in peace and joy.' The Prince's wife and parents now find him, his body bleeding; and the Drama proceeds to say that the goddess Gauri appears on the scene; she heals the Prince; she blesses him saying: 'Thou art my noble son in whom I am well pleased; for thou hast offered thyself to save the Naga world! Thee I consecrate with sacred water all golden with the dust that falls from lotus-

flowers; I consecrate thee as Lord and King; I give thee the mystic sign; tell me what other boon I may bestow on thee."

And the Prince says to the Goddess:—'What can I ask? Bless the Land that the clouds may send down the seasonable shower. Bless the Earth that, robed with rich verdure, it may always bring forth plenteous harvest. Bless the Nations that they may always keep the high festival of Song and Mind.' With this prayer closes the Drama rightly called 'Nagananda'; for, by his self-renunciation, the Prince proved to be a source of *ananda*, Joy to the Naga tribe in Sind.

The Drama has several beautiful sayings showing the Royal author's keen observation of life, power of reflection and right conception of the Duties of the King. 'The Guest is the superior of all' are the words put in the mouth of a character in the Drama—an 'Ascetic',—pointing to the days when hospitality was a religious virtue in India. In another passage put in the mouth of the Prince, we are told, how 'cowardly is the king that would surrender

the people of his realm to the enemy, not first offering up himself,' how base is the sovereign who can see unmoved the decadence of his race, who will not say 'I offer up my life to save my people.' And what more moving than the Prince's Prayer that 'the Nations may always keep the high festival of Song and Mind'?

The Nations, to-day, are practising a different doctrine; it is not Germany alone that pursued the policy of a selfish *Realpolitik*; Europe has worshipped long the *will-to-power*; the world's need is of witness-bearers to the *way of sacrifice.* We may not dispense with modern science and machinery and the equipment of civilization; but unless we use them in the service of the Spirit, they will but fall upon us and bury us beneath their burden. To use them in the service of humanity is to walk the way of sacrifice. There, to my mind, is the one supreme emotion of this ancient Drama. The Prince becomes saviour of the Nagaworld by mounting up the Rock of Sacrifice. And there is no fine thought, no rich festival of Song and Mind

for an individual, society or a nation that has not its birth in sacrifice. No flower but owes its bloom and beauty to nature's *tapasya* under the sun every day; and without *tapasya* no People may hope to walk the road to Freedom. The cry of modern life is:—Be practical. But the *practical* becomes the *bestial* when it tramples upon the *moral values* which reach the very centre of life. *Tapasya, sacrifice* is the way of Achievement. The Prince in the Drama practised *tapasya*; and the songs and stories of old Sindhi poets have a *modern* meaning because they tell of men and women who loved and lost, and with wounded hearts went upon the Quest which made them beautiful in grief, and young and glowing as the sea amid all the waves of sorrows that rolled against them only to wash them and make them pure. And in some quiet period of the night, in some strange hour of starry solitude I have heard a voice singing, out of the Stories and Dramas of old, the ancient Message of Sacrifice. Listen! Ye that are young and poor in spirit, and turn from the treason of

those who spend themselves in shouts and shows to the Singers and Heroes of supreme renunciation, and giving your love and sorrow to Her,—your mother,—grow greater every day in the service of this Ancient Land.